

THE  
**CHRISTIAN MISSION  
 MAGAZINE**

(FORMERLY THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST),

A TREASURY OF REVIVAL LITERATURE,  
 AND  
 A RECORD OF EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

“And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed, and turned to the Lord.”—Acts xi. 21.

JUNE, 1870.

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE		
The Uses of Trial, by Mrs. Booth	81	Air Service on the Level;	
Christ our Life	84	Tea to Workers: Formation of	
Preaching with the Holy Ghost	86	a Sunday School; A Visit to	
Why am I not a Christian	87	Hayward's Heath; Mother's	
Last Days of Rev. Dr. Payson	87	Meeting	90
Christian Mission Work:		Edinburgh:—A Profligate Youth;	
Whitechapel:—Arrested by the		A Visit to Portobello; Visit-	
Word	88	ing Newhaven	92
Shoreditch:—A poor degraded		Stratford:—Saved in the	
Dunkard	88	Eleventh Hour	93
Millwall	89	The Children's Mission	94
Croydon	90	Our Friends in Heaven	94
Brighton:—The Treasurer of the		Mrs. Booth's Farewell Services at	
Mission; Just Saved in Time;		Stoke Newington	96
Our Distant Friends; Open			

LONDON:

MORGAN AND CHASE, 38, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;

CHRISTIAN MISSION BOOK DEPÔT, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD;

EDINBURGH:

STIRLING:

J. TAYLOR, 31, CASTLE STREET, | PETER DRUMMOND, TRACT DEPOT.

And by Order of all Booksellers.



## THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of WILLIAM BOOTH.

### THE NECESSITY FOR THIS MISSION.

THE appalling temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London, with its population of nearly a million souls, not one in a hundred of the great bulk of whom attend either church or chapel. In the Whitechapel Road, only half-a-mile in length, 18,600 persons may be seen enter the public-houses on the Sabbath; while the most squalid poverty, the most hideous vice, the most dreadful crime, and the most abject misery abound in every direction.

### THE OBJECT OF THIS MISSION

Is to evangelise by extraordinary efforts these outlying crowds who are not reached by the existing ordinary instrumentalities.

### MEANS EMPLOYED.

PREACHING in the OPEN AIR, and in THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, SHOPS, and ROOMS, in prominent situations or very dark neighbourhoods.  
VISITING from house to house.  
BIBLE CARRIAGE, for the sale of Bibles, Tracts, and soul-saving literature.  
MOTHERS' MEETINGS.  
BIBLE CLASSES.  
BELIEVERS' MEETINGS.  
TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.  
CHILDREN'S MISSION.

BANDS OF HOPE.  
TRACT SOCIETIES.  
EVENING CLASSES, for Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.  
SUNDAY, DAY, and RAGGED SCHOOLS.  
READING ROOMS.  
PENNY BANKS.  
RELIEF of the DESTITUTE and SICK POOR, by the distribution of Bread, Meat, small sums of Money, and by  
SOUP KITCHENS.

### PREACHING STATIONS.

People's Mission Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road.  
Children's Hall, Thomas Passage, North Street, Bethnal Green.  
Temperance Hall, High Street, Poplar.  
Mission Hall, Cheval Street, Millwall.  
Mission Hall, Old Bethnal Green Road.  
Town Hall, Brighton.  
People's Hall, Windsor Street, Brighton.  
Home of Hope Mission Hall, Brighton.

People's Hall, near Bow Bridge, Stratford.  
Eastern Alhambra, St. Anne's Place, Limehouse.  
Mission Hall, Bishopsgate.  
Mission Hall, River Street, Bow Common.  
Mission Rooms, Three Colt Street, Old Ford.  
Public Rooms, Canning Town.  
Workmen's Hall, Croydon.  
Mission Hall, Hyndford Close, Edinburgh.  
Mission Hall, Potter Row, Edinburgh.

### ACCOMMODATION FOR 7,000 PERSONS

Is provided Free in these places.

### 200 SERVICES OUT DOORS AND IN ARE HELD WEEKLY,

At which the Gospel is preached on an average to OVER 14,000 PEOPLE.

We have also a SOUP KITCHEN and CHEAP FOOD DEPOT, at 188, Whitechapel Road, with Reading and Refreshment Rooms, constituting A PUBLIC HOUSE without drink.

### WORKERS.

Twenty persons are wholly employed in the Mission, and a large band of unpaid helpers.

### REFEREES.

SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P., Wood Street, E.C., and Stamford Hill, N.E.  
HENRY REED, Esq., Dunorlin, Tunbridge Wells.  
ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE, R.N., C.B., 6, Delamere Terrace, Harrow Road, W.  
GEORGE PEARSE, Esq., Stock Exchange, and 4, Westbourne Park Road, W.  
Rev. J. H. WILSON, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, 18, South Street, Finsbury Square.

Rev. R. ASHTON, Secretary of Congregational Union, 18, South Street, Finsbury Square.  
Rev. W. TYLER, Minister of New Town Chapel, Mile End.  
Messrs. MORGAN & CHASE, 38, Ludgate Hill.  
Capt. W. E. SMITH, Secretary of Evangelization Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.  
Mr. GAWIN KIRKHAM, Secretary of Open Air Mission, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand.

### COMMITTEE.

NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, 101, Whitechapel High Street.  
CHARLES OWEN, Messrs. Owen & Merten, Millwall.  
JOHN EASON, 43, Greenwood Road, Dalston, N.E.  
GEORGE HAMILTON, 72, Whitechapel, E.

JOHN LEE DALE, 84, Mile End Road, and 25, Stepney Green.  
W. H. CRISPIN, Marsh Gate Lane, Stratford, and Rickham House, Haverstock Hill, N.W.  
EDMUND IVES, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Sq., W.

NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, *Treasurer.*

CHARLES OWEN, *Hon. Sec.*

### SUPPORT.

This Mission is entirely dependent on the *Voluntary Offerings* of the Lord's people. Over £50 required weekly. *Contributions* will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. N. J. POWELL, 101, Whitechapel High Street, or by Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.; or may be paid into the account of the CHRISTIAN MISSION, at Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill. *Small Sums may be sent in Stamps.* P. O. O. should be made payable at the London General Post Office.

## THE CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1870.

### The Uses of Trial.

By MRS. BOOTH.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.—JAMES v. 11.

AFFLICTION occupies a large place in the economy of salvation, for though suffering is the result of sin, God takes hold of it and transmutes it into one of the richest blessings to his own people. From whatever secondary causes the afflictions of the righteous may arise, whether from the sins of their forefathers, the cruelty of their enemies, their own mistakes, or the mistakes of their friends, or the malice of Satan, it is their blessed privilege to realise that the Lord permits and overrules all, and that He has a gracious END in every sorrow which He allows to overtake them. Happy the Christian who, though he cannot see this "end" at present, is able to trust in the goodness which chastens, and cleave to the hand that smites.

It may help us, however, to "endure chastening" if we consider two or three of the gracious ends, or uses of our trials.

#### I. TRIAL REVEALS US TO GOD.

There is a sense, doubtless, in which trial reveals us to God; makes manifest to him what is in our heart. Perhaps some one may object, and say, no, no; we need nothing to make manifest to God what we are, He understands us perfectly. He knows what is in man, and needs not anything to tell him. True! and yet he says of Abraham, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." And to the Israelites, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep my commandments or no." Now God knew that Abraham feared Him, and He also knew how far Israel would keep his commandments, but He did not know as a matter of *actual fact* until the fact *transpired*. He must have the latent principle developed in action before he could *know it as action*. Thus Abraham by his obedience to the painful command made his love manifest to God. Not that God had previously any doubts of Abraham's love, but he desired a practical manifestation of it towards himself, or to know it in *action*. The Divine love is like all other love in this respect, it delights in practical proof of love in return, nor will it be satisfied without. Remember this, Christian, in thy various afflictions. The Lord is leading thee about in the wilderness to prove thee, and to see (to make manifest to himself) what is in thy heart, and whether thou wilt keep his commandments or no. Remember also that in nothing is love made so manifest as in willing cheerful suffering for the sake of its object. It is easy, nay, joyful to labour, but patient cheerful suffering requires a deeper love, a more perfect self-abandonment. "Greater love hath



no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "We glory in tribulations also."

### II. TRIAL ALSO REVEALS US TO OURSELVES.

Although we do not agree with the adage that untried grace is no grace at all, yet unquestionably much fancied grace has proved itself, in the hour of trial, to be but as the early cloud and the morning dew. "How many who have received the word with joy and for a while have believed, in time of temptation have fallen away." How many a professing Christian if he could have had predicted to him the effect of adversity upon his heart and life, would have said with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" And yet when the true test of character was applied he fell. When he had eaten and was full then his heart rebelled, or when he was chastened by the Lord he grew weary, and said, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." There is no surer test for the Christian as to the state of his heart than the way in which he receives affliction. How often when all has appeared prosperous and peaceful, and the child of God has been congratulating himself on spiritual growth and increased power over inward corruption has some fiery trial overtaken him, when instead of being met with perfect submission and cheerful acquiescence, it has produced sudden confusion, dismay, and perhaps rebellion, revealing to him that his heart was far from that state of Divine conformity which he had hoped and supposed.

Thus the Christian often suffers more from a consciousness of insubordination under affliction than from the affliction itself. Dear reader, how is it with you in this respect? When trials overtake you, are you able to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good," and "I know that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Are you able to realise that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and that these light afflictions are working a future increase of glory. If so, happy are you. This is the best of all evidence to yourself that the Divine Spirit is working in you to will and to do of your Father's good pleasure. This fruit does not grow on the corrupt soil of unregenerate nature; it springs only from a heart renewed by the Holy Ghost and baptised into fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. But is it otherwise with you? Does your heart chafe, and fret, and rebel? Are you saying, "All these things are against me?" If so, this is proof that the work of grace is at a low ebb in your soul, that your faith is weak, and your spiritual perceptions dim. It is high time for you to awake out of sleep and cry mightily unto God for a revival of his work in your heart and for a sanctified use of the affliction which has overtaken you. "If God dries up the water on the lake, it is to lead you to the unfailing fountain. If He blights the ground, it is to drive you to the tree of life. If He sends the cross, it is to brighten the crown. Nothing is so hard as our heart; and, as they lay copper in aquafortis before they begin to engrave it, so the Lord usually prepares us by the searching, softening, discipline of affliction for making a deep lasting impression upon our hearts."

The fire our graces shall refine,  
Till, moulded from above,  
We bear the character Divine,  
The stamp of perfect love.

### III. TRIAL ALSO REVEALS US TO THE WORLD.

As the greatest manifestation of God to the world was by suffering, so the most influential revelation of his people to the world has been by suffering. They are seen to the best advantage in the furnace. The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church. The patience, meekness, firmness, and happiness of God's people in circumstances of suffering, persecution, and death, have paved the way for the gospel in almost all lands and all ages. A baptism of blood has prepared the hard and sterile soil of humanity for the good seed of the kingdom and made it doubly fruitful. The exhibition of the meek and loving spirit of Christianity under suffering has doubtless won thousands of hearts to its Divine Author, and tamed and awed many a savage persecutor, besides

Saul of Tarsus. When men see their fellow-men enduring with patience and meekness what they know would fill them with hatred, anger, and revenge, they naturally conclude that there must be a different spirit in them. When they see Christians suffering the loss of all things, and cheerfully resigning themselves to bonds, imprisonment, and death, they cannot help feeling that they have sources of strength and springs of consolation all unknown to themselves.

Patient suffering, cheerful acquiescence in affliction and anguish, mental or physical, is the most convincing proof of the Divine in man which it is possible for humanity to give. "Truly this was the Son of God," said those who stood by the cross, when they saw how He suffered. And how many who have been thoroughly sceptical as to the professions of their converted kindred, and have most bitterly persecuted them, and withstood every argument and entreaty advanced in health and activity; have yielded almost without a word before the patience and peace with which the billows of suffering and death have been braved, nay, welcomed! Such evidence is too mighty, such proof too positive to be resisted, even by persecutors and blasphemers.

Abraham might have written a book and preached all his life long, as doubtless he did, but the whole, ten times told, would not have convinced his family, his contemporaries and posterity, of the depth and fervency of his love to God, as did that holy calm surrender of the best beloved of his soul to the requirements of God. Job might have been the upright, benevolent, righteous man he was, but probably we should never have heard of him but for his wonderful submission, patience, and faith, under suffering. It is this which lifts him up as an example and a teacher to all succeeding generations. It was when sitting on the dunghill, apparently forsaken of God and man, and suffering the direst physical agony which Satan could inflict, that Job attained his greatest victory and made that wonderful exhibition of trust in God which has been the comfort and admiration of God's people from that day to this.

It was in the fiery furnace that Shadrach and Abednego won such glory to the God of Israel, that even an heathen king proclaimed His majesty and dominion, and commanded his subjects to worship Him who could deliver after this manner. It was in the furnace of persecution that Stephen, Peter, James, John and Paul proved the divinity of their characters, and the genuineness of their faith. Without suffering the world could never have known the strength of their faith, the fervency of their love, or the purity of their lives. Their trials made them "spectacles unto the world, to angels and to men," and won for their Master the ears and hearts of thousands.

When an apostle would present to us the mightiest achievements of faith and the most wonderful exhibitions of the power of Divine grace, he refers us not so much to the doings of God's people, as to their cheerful and triumphant sufferings. Heb. xi. Dear reader, how are your afflictions revealing you to those around you? Are you adding your testimony to that of the cloud of witnesses who are gone before, to the sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain and comfort in the hour of sorrow and suffering? Is your patient endurance saying to those who are watching you, I can do (and suffer) all things through Christ which strengtheneth me?

Watched by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame;  
As servants of the Lord Most High,  
As zealous for his glorious name,  
We ought in all his paths to move  
With holy fear and humble love.

That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
From every evil to depart:  
To stop the mouths of every foe,  
While, upright both in life and heart,  
The proofs of godly love we give,  
And show them how the Christians live.



## Christ our Life.

THE LETTERS OF THE REV. WM. LAMB.

(Continued from page 71.)

THE following are selected from the published letters\* of the Rev. William Lamb, an eminently holy Congregational minister, who entered into rest some twenty years ago. We shall never forget how deeply they stirred our hearts when we first read them; and with the hope that they may be made a blessing to our readers, we give them a place in our magazine.

3rd March, 1848.

I have much good news for you; indeed through mercy I have nothing but good news to forward you. We held special services at —, when between twenty and thirty were clearly converted, and numbers more were greatly quickened by the Holy Spirit. M., of L—, took one night, and was so much delighted with what he saw, that he went home and resolved that he would either empty or fill his chapel in twelve months. About a week after this, on the Sabbath morning, when he formally began the course of sermons, the Holy Spirit so came down upon him whilst in the pulpit in prayer, that he was twenty minutes totally unconscious of all about him, literally overwhelmed by the glory of the Lord. He seems to have been not only baptised, but salted, with fire. Never did I behold a man so sublimely changed in so short a time. He is, indeed, a new creature in Christ. Every sentence he utters falls like a hammer upon the anvil. Every limb in his body is instinct with holy fire. He has given me some idea of what is meant by the demonstration of the Spirit and power. Since that hour, all has been new in the chapel; numerous extraordinary conversions have occurred, the prayer of faith is a common thing, and the congregation is nearly doubled. When M.'s people paused through sheer exhaustion, we began, and have held on for sixteen nights. We were in a truly blessed state before, but have been immeasurably uplifted since. The congregations have been wonderful. Neither wind nor weather has affected them. Several of our dead members are just like Lazarus coming out of the sepulchre at the bidding of Jesus. They are a mystery of mercy to all around them. Those who have done little but find fault, are now all on fire with love. Have faith in God. Believe all things. Fear not, only believe. I dread parade. The heaven will make its own way. Christ's

\* The Letters of the Rev. William Lamb, &c. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

kingdom comes not with observation. We cannot be too unostentatious. Our strength is in God.

DEAR BROTHER,—Since I saw you, encouragements and discouragements have greatly multiplied. Thanks be to God for both. A few have found their way back to us, and others are perplexed what to do. These things, of course, greatly disturb the composure of the weak among us: they do, however, as greatly invigorate the faith of the mighty. It was, in spite of all, the *divinest* day we ever spent together. I never thought we should have got through the morning service without a great breaking down. A stream from God would have been enough to have precipitated us all into the dust. The tide deepens rapidly; it will be spring-tide when it does come; it will never ebb, but flow on for ever and ever. This battle will not have to be re-fought; its laurels will never wither; its honours never fade; it will be the millennium in miniature—the day of God in its sweet dawn. Oh! brother, I am mysteriously full of faith, and full of the Holy Ghost. I feel as if I could myself take and tear Satan into pieces. I loathe, I defy him. “In the name of the Lord we set up our banners. The God of Jacob is our refuge. The Almighty God is our shield.” Now that Satan has ruined us (as to church organisation) we shall certainly ruin him: Jesus will speedily bruise him under our feet. Oh what a mercy that God is all, and all beside is nothing. “Who art thou, O great mountain: before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.” “One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.” Oh, brother, let us keep nothing back, health, comfort, reputation, labour or friends. Let us pile all upon the altar. Let us thank God that we have anything to offer Him in proof of our affection. Oh, the inestimable worth of a tear shed for Jesus! What a mercy that we have a bosom to bleed for Him, or an eye to weep for Him. Angels, doubtless, envy us. Well they may.

The Lord be with you. The Lord multiply you with men as a flock. The day dawns; come Jesus, sweet Jesus, come quickly! Yours in Jesus, W. L.

24th May, 1848.

Yours greatly relieved my mind, and filled me with gratitude to our compassionate Lord and Master. I trust, nay, I firmly believe, that these obstacles are only the trial of your faith, and will soon prove the prelude to its triumph. Oh, my dear brother, what trouble do we give the Almighty to compel us to repose that large and naked confidence in his promises which ought to have been cherished from our

earliest infancy. I am more and more persuaded that we are all lost for want of faith. “When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?” “Shall He find faith on the earth?” If He cannot find faith on the earth, alas, alas, how little and how shrouded must it be. Do, brother, expect more from God; expect a million times every day; expect all that God can give, all that Scripture can authorise. We must totally lose sight of self—not only evil self, but good, especially the latter. [Self-righteousness, dependence on the good wrought in the soul by the Spirit, is, perhaps, the very last thing which is renounced. But renounced it must be. All the acts, labours, prayers, cryings, and fastings, which self-righteousness resorts to (and that which trusts in anything but in Him who is the “Lord our Righteousness,” must be self-righteousness), are only, as Augustine says, “a swift running out of the way.” More difficult is it to get to the end of religious self than of guilty self; and yet we must if we are to find Christ as the satisfying portion of our souls. Paul had as little idea of trusting to his righteousness as to his crimes.] We must lose sight of all in the contemplation of the cross. Our prayers must be as unlike ourselves and as like our Saviour as can be. We must get as far out of self and as far into Jesus as possible. The truth of God will be our cross, on which we must be crucified to the world, and the world to us. Fallen man has wandered to an infinite distance from God, and we must try how fast we can travel back. Depend upon it, as we know Christ the cross will press more heavily upon our shoulders. If Christ “had a devil and was mad,” we shall have the same, as we become conformed to his image. I can see the way more clearly than ever. My prospects brighten gloriously. I am one with Christ. We are partners. We are one. We are brethren. He is all; I am nothing. If I can be less, I desire to be so. Oh, do let us lose ourselves in God. Let us lose our very imperfections and follies. Let them be as the spots on the sun's disc, which are only seen by a keen and curious eye. Why, what are we but imperfections, from beginning to end? We want to be something and we cannot be, for Christ is everything. He filleth all in all. He leaves no room for our excellencies. If we had any they would be in the way. I am not at all troubled about my defects. *I put the blood on to them. I keep them thus out of sight.* Oh, what pride there may be in our humility! If we were more wise we should never spend another moment in thinking about self. Indeed,

we should tremble to do so. Our life must be ceaseless escapes out of self into Christ. What time we have lost, what opportunities spoiled, by not understanding that all we have to do is to abjure and abandon self. The prayer of faith is now more than ever predominant among us. You can have no conception of the spiritual beauty that He has put upon us. Many of us are completely set on fire with his love. The style of prayer is to me a new thing. We shall certainly storm the whole region. The Lord continues to save the vilest characters. How I should like to see you, that we might sit at the feet of Jesus, and “talk of the glory of his kingdom.”

14th October, 1848.

As I have a moment or two at my disposal I shall do myself the pleasure of writing you once more. I can say, “Though absent in body, yet oft present in spirit.” I greatly long to see your face in the flesh once more. However, Christ is all and in all. I feel more and more the shadowy nothingness of the creature every day. I never had such a view of the nearness of Christ. I never was so overwhelmed with the grandeur of his presence. I am completely lost in his matchless love. I am sinking as in a boundless and bottomless sea of light. Oh, my dear brother, what a curse of littleness is upon us still. How we need to have our hearts enlarged all the days of the week, all the hours of the day, and all the minutes in the hour. His love lies like a mountain upon my heart. I cannot take it in fast enough. It is running over by day and by night. Well, He will, He does enlarge it. I would rather, infinitely rather, die than doubt again. Nothing is so monstrous, so cruel, so devilish, as doubting of God's goodness. He has done much for me, very much; more, indeed, than tongue can tell, but He will do a thousand times more. Indeed, He will do all that boundless love, guided by boundless wisdom, can effect. I am asking Him, as our people say, to give us blessing as great in character and as vast in degree as the Cross, to give us the full purchase of Calvary, the blood's worth: and I am sure He will. Oh, how foolishly we have been praying. How our prayers have been full of self instead of Christ. It is treachery to Christ to indulge a thought about self when we go to his Father. All is ours—I say *is* ours; and we are wicked if we do not claim it, moment by moment. We are most solemnly bound to claim it. I do so every moment; and, oh, how the Lord blesses a poor worm like me. Oh, brother, we are awfully in the dark yet as to the omnipotence of the plea that we have in



the precious blood of Jesus. We are like children playing over a great mine of gold. We are just as much in the dark on this point as the world was about steam a century ago. We have nearly all to learn. Jesus remains an unknown Jesus. He is as much a stranger in Britain as He once was in Judea and Jerusalem. You will be rejoiced to hear that the Lord continues to sweetly smile upon us. You would be delighted with the mighty spirit of prayer that prevails among us. It is the prayer of faith that is at the bottom of it all. We do believe that we do "receive the things that we desire," and eternity alone will reveal the blessed consequences that flow from so doing. Do, dear brother, boldly believe for immediate and immeasurable blessing. The prayer of faith alone recognises the finished work of Christ. Either all is finished or nothing: if all, then why not at once receive all? "Be strong, be very courageous." The Lord is at hand. Depend upon it, He will come, even our God, with a recompense.

### Preaching with the Holy Ghost.

BY THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

"I drove home, praying all the way, and after an hour alone I went to the church (St. Leonard's) at six, with clear direction to Deuteronomy xxxiii. 35 as my subject. The church was as usual a solid mass of living beings. I availed myself of many hints in Edwards' sermon, proceeding in the following order:—I took the whole verse as my subject, and considered, 1. What was meant by vengeance, recompense, and calamity, the things that are coming on the wicked; which, copying Edwards in his application, I opened up in three particulars: 1st. It is the wrath of Jehovah. 2d. The fierceness of his wrath. 3d. The fierceness of Jehovah's wrath for eternity. II. In the second place, I put the question, What is it that defers this wrath till the due time, the day of calamity? in other words, what is it that keeps an unconverted sinner a moment out of hell? To this it was answered, Negatively, 1st. It is not Divine justice. This has already sentenced the sinner to eternal wrath. 2d. It is not that God is pleased with the sinner; on the contrary, he is awfully angry with him, and in many cases more angry than with many that are already in hell. 3d. It is not on account of anything that the sinner has done, or is doing, or intends to do. 4th. It is not on account of a good bodily constitution or great care to preserve life on the part of the sinner or other persons on

his behalf. 5th. It is not on account of any promise given by God to the unconverted. But, Positively, Sinners are kept out of hell from moment to moment only by the long-suffering of God, who 'endures with much long-suffering,' &c. I then came to apply the subject to the case of the unconverted, and went on to point out that they were suspended by the hand of a longsuffering God over the pit of hell, and were yet madly hating and resisting that God, and provoking him to let them go and fall into the flames, especially by rejecting Jesus his unspeakable gift. These statements appeared to be accompanied with an extraordinary measure of the Holy Ghost, and the feeling of the hearers became so intense that when one man in the gallery passage audibly exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus, come and save me,' the great mass of the congregation gave audible expression to their emotion in a universal wailing. I immediately changed the theme, and began, as at Kilsyth, to repeat such invitations as Isaiah liii., pressing Jesus on all as God's free gift. After a few minutes the great multitude became more composed; but as I went on particularly addressing those who continued impenitent spectators, the feeling became again as deep and general as before. To me, looking from the pulpit, the whole body of the people seemed bathed in tears, old as well as young, men equally with women. This second display of feeling continued a few minutes and gradually ended, a few only here and there throughout the church continuing in great and visible distress of soul. When the impression became so deep and overpowering, many that did not like, or did not understand, such a glorious manifestation of the Divine power, were offended, and one man came up the stair of the pulpit and asked me to dismiss the people! After I had prayed and sung with the people a considerable time beyond the usual period, with brief addresses interspersed, I pronounced the blessing, and asked them to disperse, promising to meet with any who might wish further prayer and direction in a school-house. Hardly any, however, would go away, and even after all the lights in the church but two had been one by one extinguished, a few hundreds still remained in the church, who would not, and in some cases could not, retire. Mr. Milne arrived when it was nearly ten o' clock, and we found it necessary again to sing and pray. After we had done so we at last got the people away. I went down to Miss Ramsay's school, and there met with as many as the house and passage would contain, both men and women, though chiefly the latter, all in

deep distress about their souls, and in most cases in tears. I remained for an hour, and then left them all to pray and sing together, which they continued to do for some time longer. This glorious night seemed to me at the time, and appears from all I have since heard, to have been perhaps the most wonderful that I have ever seen, with the exception perhaps of the first Tuesday at Kilsyth. There was this difference chiefly between the two occasions, that a great many of those affected at this time had been convinced or converted during the previous weeks, while at Kilsyth almost all but the established children of God were awakened for the first time. Glory to the Lamb! This is the last Sabbath of the first year of my ministry as an ambassador of Christ! To the praise and glory of infinite, eternal, free and sovereign mercy and grace. Praise the Lord! . . .

### Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

7. Is it because I am postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

### Last Days of Rev. Dr. Payson.

THE Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., was the son of an estimable minister in Rindge, and, for the last twenty years of his life, pastor of a church in Portland, Maine, North America, where he died, October 22, 1827, aged 44. A memoir of him is published by the Religious Tract Society.

During much of the last year of his life, he suffered the most severe bodily anguish. His right arm and left side lost all power of motion, and the flesh became insensible to external applications, while internally he experienced a sensation of burning which he compared to a stream of liquid fire poured through his bones; yet, on the 19th of September, 1827, he dictated the following letter to his sister:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

"But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing; you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith and elevate your hope.

"And now, my dear, dear sister, farewell. Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet, in heaven,

"Your happy and affectionate brother,  
"EDWARD PAYSON."



# CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

## Whitechapel.

SINCE the opening of the new hall, a continued stream of blessing has been poured in upon us at this station. Mr. Richard Eason has been with us a fortnight, and God has greatly used his servant. The congregations have been large, and at every service there have been anxious souls. Mr. Eason has preached the gospel with great simplicity and earnestness, and, best of all, with the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven. And we believe that many will have to bless God, through eternity, that they have heard the sound of his voice.

The following brief extracts from Brother Lamb's journal will give some idea of the work going on.

April 25th.—Commenced at our new open-air stand. One man on his way to a house of revelry was

### ARRESTED BY THE WORD,

followed us to the hall, found mercy, and went home happy in Jesus. The Lord keep him.

28th; This and the preceding evening have been blessed seasons, both out-doors and in. Many members of other churches have been led to examine themselves, and being found wanting, thrown themselves upon the mercy of a loving God, and found peace and pardon through a precious Saviour; may God, in infinite mercy, help them to stand to their covenant, and may they be made a great blessing to the churches to which they belong.

May 1st.—We commenced this day's services with a fellowship meeting, at 7 o'clock in the morning; we were much blessed, and more fully equipped for the day's work. We soon found how much we needed it, for the enemy was in strong force throughout the day; but God was with us. The hall was packed to the door at night; the Holy Ghost fell on the people, and twenty were gathered into the gospel net. Hallelujah!

2nd and 3rd. Very much persecuted in the open-air. Old men, near 70 years old, one on crutches, wanted to fight, but I told them they might as well try to pull the moon down as to stop God's work, and so it proved, for God helped his people, and a poor woman followed us to the hall, and gave God her heart, with six others. Praise the Lord. May He help them to remain steadfast.

4th, 5th, and 6th.—Better open-air services I never had in my life. Our congregations were much larger. Men and women wept aloud, which sight I believe caused the angels to rejoice. The congregations inside also were much larger; sinners also came out every night seeking mercy. The interest awakened in the minds of people in this neighbourhood is daily increasing. Over 500

came into the hall to hear the Word to-night, Friday. Lord, save them.

Sunday, 8th.—It was expected that our dear superintendent would be in his place to-day, cheering on the tried and tempted, and pointing poor sinners to Jesus; but being still unable, our dear brother Eason preached for him. In the evening we had three open-air stands. Numbers listened and followed us to the hall, where God in great mercy poured out his Spirit, and many sought the Saviour. Among others a dear woman cried for pardon, with her infant nestling in her bosom. It was very affecting. May they both meet in Heaven.

Sunday, May 15th.—At seven o'clock a few brethren met to plead with God for a blessing upon the day's services. We held six open-air services to-day. Hundreds stopped to listen. May the Spirit continue to strive with them. There was a large number present at the afternoon experience meeting, many standing up to testify what the Lord had in mercy done for them. Several members of the Society of Friends were with us, who praised God for his goodness in helping us to carry on so great a work among the poor outcasts of London.

In the evening, Jonathan Grubb preached to a large congregation. A few came out desiring to find the Saviour. One was the husband of one of our members who has long desired his salvation; and when the man received the blessing, he shouted aloud, "I have long been nibbling at the bait, but now I have got it." The Lord in mercy keep him steadfast, and may the blessing of God ever attend the labours of our dear friend Jonathan Grubb, who, I trust, will be made a blessing to thousands.

ABRAHAM LAMB.

## Shoreditch.

We have received the following letter from one who was once

A POOR DEGRADED DRUNKARD,

SIR,—I have to thank God that I ever was led to hear out-door preaching. I have many times listened to Mr. Moore, at the corner of Slater Street, when I have been under the influence of drink, and I have felt, if I died in this state, hell will be my doom. I have gone home and prayed to God to forgive me, but all in vain. Twelve months, last November, I signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. A short time after I was led into St. Leonard's Hall, Shoreditch; I there felt God had pardoned my sins; I came out of that place rejoicing; I went home and told my wife I had found peace, and I kept on trying to get her to the meetings. At last I got her to accompany me to the City Theatre, and she found peace

there the first time going, and now we can both rejoice together in Jesus. Previous to this, my home was a wretched one; I spent three hundred and fifty pounds in five years, seeking pleasure in the world and found nothing but misery. Under the influence of drink I have thrown a large knife many times at my wife's head, but I never could hit her, and have frequently taken it up to bed with me, and threatened to cut her head off, so that she was afraid to come to bed, and many a night has had to sit on the stairs in the cold, and sometimes had to jump over the wall, into the next yard, for safety. I thank God it is not so now; we are happy now, and feel like singing all the time. Sure enough I have been born again. I hope by the help of God, to continue in the same, till it pleases God to call us. I remain your brother in Christ.

T. L.

## Milwall.

ALTHOUGH this district lies "off the London stones," and is insular in its geographical position, nevertheless it happily lies within the "radius" of the sympathies of the "Christian Mission," and within the bounds of the Covenant of Mercy.

Those who are concerned about the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, will rejoice to know that the Lord's work is prospering in this dark corner of the vineyard. Although the operations of this branch are less pretending than once they were, yet is the work in a most healthful state, the labours of our Brother Martin, who presides over this station, being owned of God, and his heart cheered by seeing the members growing in grace, and living in unity one with the other. The only barrier which seriously prevents the more successful development of this work is the need of a larger hall for services. May we not, therefore, hope that so soon as our friend, Mr. Booth, has furnished the "People's Market" he will organise public sales, and set on foot subscriptions, and make appeals to all his numerous friends, in order that we may have a larger and more suitable place of worship? If Mr. Booth can supply the funds, we shall without difficulty be able to furnish the labour.

It has been very gratifying to me to mark the increasing earnestness of the members of the Mission in their self-denying labours for the Master, a deeper hungering and thirsting after holiness, and a more heartfelt concern for the souls of their neighbours; and I need scarcely add that the efforts of our beloved friends have been rewarded by their Heavenly Father with tokens of his approving smile. The open-air services have not been less successful than the indoor meetings. Very considerable audiences have been gathered together, and the spirit of hearing has been vouchsafed, while more than one careless wanderer has been reclaimed. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the

open-air gatherings. A class of people are reached by this means, who would not otherwise hear of the way of salvation. From the inmost recess of my heart I pray that the power of God may mightily rest upon those of our brethren and sisters who are "called" thus to labour.

We have lately been obliged to establish another "class" under the "leadership" of our long tried and devoted sister in Christ, Mrs. Cornell.

The Band of Hope and Temperance Meetings are very well attended, and everything "looks well for the harvest."

I shall intrude upon your space too much if I dwell upon the oft-told and ghastly tale of *poverty*—a subject which is almost as familiar to me as sickness to an hospital nurse. While I believe it to be the duty of Christians to relieve the wants of ALL deserving poor, I cannot withhold the remark that it is eminently more satisfactory to care for the poor *saint* than for the *unconverted*. Many of this latter class, whose necessities were attended to in the hour of their special need, may be seen "going on still in their wickedness," and those who came to our services in the hope "that they might make a good thing of it," have now returned to their haunts with hearts more than ever obdurate and unmoved by all the judgments of God. I could weep as I dwell upon this side of the melancholy picture, and gladly refresh my spirit by a visit in thought to the child of God in his hour of affliction and trial. What sweet contentment and gratitude have I witnessed—what a looking from the hand of man to the God from whom all blessings flow. "I tell you, sir," said a dear brother in Christ to me to-day, "I know not how I live, and yet I knock through somehow, although I have not had work for many a long day. God is indeed good to me; He keeps me in simple dependence upon Himself, and He will never leave me, and I will trust on." Another dear fellow, who was somewhat lately brought to the Lord, and who has maintained himself, his wife, and seven children upon a small pittance of a few shillings, earned by boot-making, responded thus to a question which I put to him: "It is little indeed we know about meat, but the Lord is very good, and always sends us bread, and that, you know, is more than we deserve; and we now and again get some dripping too, and, praise God, I am ten thousand times happier now than when I was what the world calls well to do, for once I employed a good many hands." "The poor we truly have always with us," and if it is our duty to care for them, may I add that, as a question of *political economy*, the state is wonderfully advantaged when the necessitous children are members of the household of faith; when such is the case, it becomes a high privilege in being permitted in any small degree to pour into the wounded and broken spirit the oil of grace and comfort.

By the liberality of the contributors to the East End poor, through the medium of the *Christian*, late *Revival*, I have been enabled somewhat more perfectly to respond to the

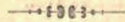


claims of our needy ones than my own private resources would admit of.

I will conclude these remarks by calling upon my brothers and sisters in Christ to adopt the motto "ever onward" as suggested by our beloved friend "the Author."

Wearied one, Heaven is before thee; "there, there is rest," the perfect rest of perfect activity. Growing cold-one, time is awfully short—the Lord is at hand; behold the Bridegroom cometh.

CHARLES OWEN.



### Croydon.

APRIL 7th.—Meeting to-night well attended. A backslider very miserable. Oh, may the Lord give him back his lost peace.

April 9th.—A good number at the Bible class.

April 10th.—Brother Longmore with us. In the afternoon we had a prayer-meeting instead of an experience meeting, and we found it to be a blessed time; two burdened souls cried for mercy; they professed to find peace through believing in Jesus; oh, may the Lord keep them. The open-air meeting was well attended; and after the service one old gentleman professed to find peace. Father, be round about him, as a wall of fire, and thine shall be the glory.

April 11th.—We met this afternoon for a bible reading, which we found profitable. At night one soul professed to find peace through the precious blood.

April 12th.—The open-air services were encouraging. One poor woman followed us into the hall, and while giving out the hymn, she burst into a flood of tears, and came to the penitent form with four others. Hallelujah; three professed to find peace, and went home rejoicing; the Lord be praised for his willingness to save.

April 14th.—The open-air service was a stormy one. For the first time I got knocked off the stool. Having a large congregation in front of me, the devil and his slaves got behind me, and tried to get me down; they succeeded in knocking me off my stool, but friends in front of me caught me, breaking the fall, and preventing my being hurt. I was soon up again, and soon after we followed the example set us by our dear Saviour, in praying for them. Hallelujah to our great Captain. He does give us grace to unfurl the blood-stained banner of the cross, and preach eternal life to dead souls, through faith in his name. An old Irish woman was afterwards very busy trying to annoy us by dancing a child on her arm. She then got rid of the child, and produced a red rag which she shook most vigorously in front of me, but it was all to no purpose, and she left, wagging her head, and we went on to the hall and had a good service.

April 21st.—To-night I preached in the hall. A poor backslider, truly penitent, came boldly out; her poor heart seemed truly broken, and after wrestling with God, she

professed to find peace. I do thank God, that amidst the many persecutions and discouragements, He gives us many encouragements. Oh, may He strengthen us and we will give Him all the glory.

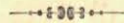
April 24th.—Brother Owen preached, and we had a happy day; believers were strengthened, and built up, and the day closed with a backslider crying for mercy, and professing to find peace.

April 21st.—A poor grey-headed old man followed us from the open-air to the hall, and after the service, said he had been to church all his lifetime, but he didn't know what the pardoning love of God was, but before he left the hall he professed to accept Jesus as his Saviour. Oh, may the Lord keep him. A poor miserable backslider was terribly smitten to-night, but holding something back he went away as he came.

April 28th.—Open-air to-night better attended, and very orderly; Macleod Willie, Esq., preached, and the master owned the word. Three persons professed to find Jesus, and several were deeply convicted. This greatly cheered my heart. Oh Lord, we will praise thee for thy sovereign grace.

Dear friends, pray for us at Croydon, for we need your prayers.

ALEX. RITCHIE.



### Brighton.

Showers of blessings are still being poured upon us. Since last we wrote, over fifty persons have professed to find peace, through the precious blood of Jesus. Our meetings are largely attended, the Town Hall being nearly full every Sunday evening. We now hold twenty-one meetings per week; oh, may they continue to be the means of gathering in many precious souls. Since I last wrote, we have been very much blessed by a visit from N. J. Powell Esq.,

#### THE TREASURER OF THE MISSION.

The spirit of goodwill he manifested while in our midst has much endeared him to our people. On Sunday May 8th, he preached a very earnest and useful sermon in the Town Hall, which was well filled, and at the close, five gave their hearts to Jesus. On Monday evening, Mr. Powell presided at the prayer meeting, when two were saved, and on Thursday evening he preached again at the Mission Home of Hope. We pray that he may be spared to visit us many times in the future.

We stated in our last letter, that on Easter Monday we sent out a band of tract distributors, armed with 20,000 tracts, and we are happy to state that our labour was not in vain in the Lord. At the close of the day, a man was brought from the Race Hill to the Mission Hall, and gave his heart to God. He is now very happy, and a member with us.

#### JUST SAVED IN TIME.

At the close of a blessed sacramental service the other evening, a young man, for whom

his parents had long been praying, came forward, and sought the Saviour. It was very affecting to see the son crying for mercy, and his mother weeping for joy in the body of the Hall. On the following day he went to work, well and happy, but when descending the ladder to leave, from some cause or other it turned round and he was thrown to the ground, falling from the second storey, and was picked up severely bruised and injured. The brother who had been the means of his conversion, visiting him shortly after the accident, asked him how he was; he said, "oh I am happy, what a blessing it is, that I found the Lord in time," the two wept and prayed together, and for very joy embraced and kissed each other. They had been companions in sin and now were found together in the paths of peace. We are happy to state that by the blessing of God he is slowly recovering, and we do pray that this may be the means of bringing his wife to know the Lord.

The season having changed, many families have removed for the present, and we have thus lost about twenty members, but God has made up the loss, as we now stand 160 strong, making a nett increase of 30 for the month. Though these have left, they are not lost, they are still serving their Lord and Master, as the following extracts from letters received from two of

#### OUR DISTANT FRIENDS

will show. Both were converted while on a visit to Brighton; one says:

I feel so grateful to you for all your kindness. I am sure the Lord will bless your labours. I felt I could not leave Brighton without acknowledging my Saviour in partaking of his last supper, and my most earnest prayer is that I may never dishonour the Lord's table. I did so enjoy the beautiful service, I sometimes think I do not love my Saviour half as much as I ought, for his great love in dying for me a guilty sinner, and for his long forbearance with me, I do pray that the remainder of my life may be spent in serving him. Oh, I do hope and pray I may not go back into the world and its pleasures.—I have no desire, I know you will pray for me. I will pray for myself.

Another writes, and, among other things, says: I can never be sufficiently thankful to my heavenly Father for giving me such a friend. I have much missed your kind counsel and advice, and our many nice services. I do so want to be entirely given to God. Oh, how I long to enjoy full salvation. I fancy if I were willing, I should be more happy and more faithful in his service, and less forgetful of Him who died for me. Oh how I do long to be a meek and humble follower of the lowly Jesus. I believe I have only to lean on, and look above to Jesus who is my Redeemer. I know that Christ has done all for me, and I have ought to do but to lay hold by faith of a full salvation. I know that salvation does not consist in FEELING certain influences on the soul only, but in believing the Spirit's testimony of Christ in the word of God. My

knowing this, you will wonder how I ever for one moment doubt my Saviour. When my faith is bright how I shudder at the fearful consequences of unbelief. I forget to be constantly watching, so that I often stumble by reason of my hasty temper, but I trust through Christ, I shall overcome all my difficulties. Oh, pray for me.

On Good Friday we unfurled our flag for the first time in the open-air, and have since held regularly an

#### OPEN AIR SERVICE ON THE LEVEL

every Sunday afternoon. Our congregations are very large, upwards of 1,000 have been present. We have little or no disturbances. Twice an infidel came to annoy us, and the other Sunday a man, who said that he lived in a public-house, offered us a small tract, and requested us to read a passage in Scripture on the cover, viz.: "Behold I have set before thee an open door." Having read it aloud, he said, "Now why do you not let us have an open public-house door on Sundays, so that working men could spend their money, without losing time on a Monday." "We replied, by saying, that in our drinking days we had no money to spare for Sundays, in fact, not enough for Saturday night." He said he had been a moderate drinker for thirty-three years. We then requested him to come and stand beside us, and we called the people's attention to him. We asked them to look at his dirty appearance, brought on by drinking for thirty-three years, and then to look on us who had not been in the service of Christ for a quarter of that time, and to observe the different effects produced, the man felt ashamed and left.

We believe our open-air service on Sunday afternoon, during the summer, will be made a blessing to many.

#### TEA TO WORKERS.

The other evening Miss Gordon gave a tea to the workers of the Mission and a few of the members. About fifty were present, and amongst those who sat down with us were N. J. Powell, Esq. and Miss Diaper, of London. After tea we had a little business meeting, and among other things resolved on the

#### FORMATION OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We felt it our duty to find something for our young people to do, and we thought they could not be better engaged than in this kind of work. The school was opened on Sunday, May 8th, with thirty scholars in the morning and fifty in the afternoon. May God bless it. On Thursday evening, May 5th, we paid

#### A VISIT TO HAYWARD'S HEATH,

which is twelve miles from Brighton, and held a preaching service in the Congregational Chapel. Though there was little time to make the service known, we had a good congregation, and, best of all, God was with us. We intend to visit this place once a week, and offer a present, free, and full salvation to the people.



## THE MOTHERS' MEETING

is going on very satisfactorily. The number of members now is upwards of fifty. The savings of the members commenced at 2s. per week, and have gone on increasing until they now amount to 15s. per week. We are about to establish in connection with it

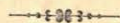
## MATERNAL BOXES,

for the use of our poor saints. We beg an interest in all your prayers.  
20, Leves Street. ROBERT WILSON.

Donations and subscriptions on account of the Brighton Branch of the Christian Mission.

Miss L. Gordon .....	1	6	0
From a "Teetotaler" .....	1	0	0
Miss Stables for Tracts .....	0	10	0
G. F. Wenborn, Esq. ....	1	1	0
Miss L. Gordon .....	1	6	6
Lizzie .....	0	5	0
Miss Stables .....	5	0	0
N. J. Powell, Esq. ....	5	0	0
"Thank offering," by a "Sister in the Lord" .....	1	0	0
Mrs. Laslett .....	0	10	0

Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by L. Glenton, 25, Brunswick Terrace, Brighton.



## Edinburgh.

We are thankful to say that during this month we have had unmistakable signs of God's saving power in our midst. We have had much opposition from some who say we are filled with mistaken zeal, and that it is all excitement; but we are thankful to say it is glorious excitement when sinners are smitten on their knees and a cry extorted, "What must I do to be saved?" If this is excitement, we want and we must have more of it, for it seems to me that there is only a flickering light here and there in this city of profession. In visiting Christians I find but few who are spiritual-minded. They will talk about the volunteers, and other worldly concerns; but God, and souls, and eternity are seldom mentioned. O, may every Christian be baptised with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Our constant prayer is that Edinburgh may be set in a flame, and that every preacher may have a tongue of fire.

We regret to say that as the fine weather is coming on our Mission Halls are not so well attended; therefore we feel it more incumbent upon us to go out in the highways and thoroughfares and compel them to come in, and it affords us joy to be able to say that many have been awakened, and we hope some have been truly converted. Hallelujah.

We may just mention the case of

## A PROFLIGATE YOUTH,

who came to the mission one Sabbath evening. While listening to a solemn address, we observed him trembling on his seat. At the close of the meeting we talked to him, and tried to point him to Christ. He left with us and went into the open air, where he was still more deeply convicted. We walked

a little way together, and he confessed to having lived a life of debauchery, wretchedness, and sin of the blackest character. He exclaimed, "Do you think Christ will save me?" "Yes," I replied; "He saved me, and Manasseh, Magdalene, and Saul of Tarsus." "Ah," he said; "I have been worse than they were." I said, "I don't care if you are as black as hell can make you; the blood of Jesus can make you clean." He went away in a miserable state, promising to see me again. On Sunday week I observed a change in his countenance. After the morning's address he said, "I am happy now; the Lord spoke peace to my soul on Friday, and now I am set free."

Our Sunday open-air meetings are being wonderfully blessed and well attended, and we cannot doubt but good is being done.

On Saturday evening last we consecrated ourselves afresh to the Lord, and if it was his will for us to go through floods and flames we would follow him; yea, we feel that we could lay down our lives for Jesus, who has loved us with an everlasting love.

We have a band of sisters who are determined to work for Jesus in distributing tracts and visiting the sick and dying in the infirmary, and the Lord is giving rich blessing to their humble labours.

On Fast Day the Christian mission band, armed with tracts and papers, paid

## A VISIT TO PORTOBELLO,

where we held one open-air service by the sea-side and one in the centre of the town. We sang all through the streets, amidst the laughter of many; but, thank God! we are not ashamed of Christ. The tracts were distributed, and we are glad to say were received kindly, and we pray that the words may be blessed. We sang through all the villages on our way home, occasionally repeating a portion of the word of God aloud. We have also been

## VISITING NEWHAVEN,

where the Lord is giving rich blessing, and we believe hearts are being prepared to receive the word of God. We took down our magazines, which were eagerly bought; and now they wish us to bring down our new hymn-books, saying, "We have never heard hymns like them before." O, may the Lord revive his work in these fishing villages. It is a glorious sight to see these weather-beaten faces listening in the open air, and especially to see the tears rolling down their cheeks while listening to the earnest addresses of our Bro. T., and we pray that we may soon see many of them made fishers of men. Praise God, it can be done. On Saturday afternoon, May 7th, we visited the Musselburgh races, gave away a large number of tracts, and were enabled to preach Jesus amid the scoffs and sneers of many who had come for carnal pleasure. But these things did not move us, for we are got so much used to the taunts and jeers of men that we can smile at Satan's rage. Hallelujah! The devil oftentimes tries to throw us down; but

Jesus takes us by the hand and lifts us up. Glory, Hallelujah!

The love of Christ doth us constrain,  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

Oh, to weep for sinners more; yea, to follow Jesus' example in wrestling day and night for these sinners of Edinburgh, who are chained and led captive by the devil at his will. O, to feel we cannot live unless sinners are converted. O, to preach the word with tongues of fire. May the Lord help us to be up and doing, for the night is coming, when we shall not be able to do any more. A woman very much addicted to drink was induced to come to Potter Row the other night. She was deeply awakened and we hope truly converted. She has signed the temperance pledge, her house is tidy, and her clothes clean, and even the neighbours say they know Mrs. — is converted.

We are still cast on the Lord for funds to carry on this important work. We are clasping the promises, and we know the blessing must come. If all the Lord's people were giving their tenths unto the Lord (Gen. xxviii., 22) then our need would be supplied.

Cash received from 17th April to 16th May.

	£	s.	d.
Offerings at door in Hyndford's Close	0	12	10
Do. do. Potter Row Hall	0	0	7
Do. do. Believers' Meetings	0	10	11½
Do. do. Holiness Meetings	0	5	1

1 9 5½

## Members' cards:—

Mrs. Gray .....	0	15	0
Ellen Steadman .....	0	2	4
Mr. Crombie .....	0	1	0
Jas. Calder .....	0	2	6
Mary Bell .....	0	12	1
Euphemie Haslie .....	0	7	0
Mrs. Smith .....	0	6	9
Peter Morrison .....	0	5	0
Ann Munro .....	0	3	2
Donations:—			
Mr. Fairbairn .....	0	5	0
Mr. Wells .....	0	7	0
Mrs. A. Cassel, Glasgow .....	0	5	0
Mrs. Kerr .....	0	2	0
A Servant .....	0	1	0

£5 4 3½

## Stratford.

## SAVED IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ABOUT two months ago a lady came into the hall in the afternoon just as we were commencing our experience meeting, and asked if it were a private service. I told her that she was quite welcome, and asked her to come forward; but she would sit against the door, as she could not stay long. After singing and prayer I spoke a short time, during which she appeared much moved and wept freely. She stayed till the service was over, and before I could get to speak to her she was gone. I did not see her again until the first afternoon in May, when she again hurriedly entered the hall and said she wanted to speak to me privately. She then said, "I have no wish to deceive you. I am a Puseyite; and we have a man who is very bad, and we

can do nothing with him, nor yet the minister. He is very unhappy, and I have no wish to lead him astray, and I think you a proper person to go and see him. Will you go if I give you his address?" I told her I would, and I went at once. I found him very bad indeed, but he would not say anything. I began by telling him that, to all outward appearance, he would shortly have to die, and asked him how he felt in prospect of death. He replied, "very unhappy." I told him that his soul was diseased, and that it was a moral disease; he was born with it; that it was a universal disease; all were afflicted by it, and that it was a mortal disease; it brought temporal death to the body, and spiritual death to the soul, and separated between God and his creatures, and that it brought eternal death to both body and soul, in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

While thus engaged the poor man began to cry, "Lord, save me." I said, "Let us pray." While praying, the man said, "Lord, save me;" the wife, "Lord, save my husband;" the daughter, "Lord, save father;" the son sobbed and prayed that the Lord would save the family, the entire family, for Jesus. I then told him that, bad as the disease was, Christ was a physician to whom he could have access at all times and in all places. He did not need a letter to see the physician of souls. He is present to heal your disease now. The man seemed to think that it was not for him. I then told him that the splendour of the palace, or being clothed in purple or fine linen, had no attractions for him, but that He was equally attentive to the poor as the rich. Lazarus, full of sores, was not passed by. He then said that he was too bad, and had neglected it too long. I told him that Christ was an infallible physician, and that his infinite wisdom could not err, but

A touch, a word, a look from Him  
The most inveterate plague could cure.

"He saved a Manasseh, a Mary Magdalene, and a Saul of Tarsus; and the woman that spent all her substance on physicians and got no better but rather worse, only touched the hem of his garment and was made whole, and He is unchangeable, and he can save you to-day if you come to him. There is no other way. He is the only appointed physician. Beads, crosses, candles, holy water and incense, priests, saints, and the Virgin Mary cannot help you in the least. And He is suited to your case, because He is gratuitous in his skill. All He requires is for you to feel your need of him and make a personal application. No benefit can be derived from any remedy unless it be actually applied. Neither can you and I unless we apply penitently, perseveringly, importunately, and believingly. Then He will heal the disease of sin, and love us freely and give us his Spirit to bear witness with our spirits that we are his children. Now, do you believe it?" He replied, "I think I do." "Now try and pray for the Lord to save you." And he did pray and weep until he was quite exhausted. I



spent two hours with him, and I trust left him a changed man. I visited him again, and he told me that he was getting worse in his body, but he was not afraid to die now; but he did not feel that joy that I spoke about. I spent some time with him, and left him resigned to the will of God. I sent Br. Allen to see him, and he told me that he believed him to be a saved man.

Saturday, 14th May, he found his end was drawing near, and sent for me to thank me for pointing out to him his disease and where to apply for a remedy; but I was not at home, and at night, about nine o'clock, he died. Before he died he said, "Glory to God in the highest," and "I long to be with my Jesus;" and although suffering much he was perfectly resigned, and as his end drew near his wife prayed that the Lord would ease his pain, and he said "Amen," and died or fell asleep, I trust, in Jesus. His wife has promised to give her heart to God and meet him in Heaven, where she believes he is gone.

J. BARBER.

### The Children's Mission.

A SABBATH EVENING WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Will our friends in thought accompany me to one of our children's salvation services.

Passing down Whitechapel Road with its glaring gin shops and teeming thousands, we turn down North Street, and in a few moments reach Thomas's passage, when we are surrounded by about a score of young urchins, who together cry out "Please, Mr.— mayn't I go to the meeting, the man at the door won't let us in." When we arrive at the little hall we learn, that these are old and incorrigible offenders against order, and so refused admission for this night. Inside we find some 300 children, ranging in age from three to sixteen years. Here and there we find a few respectably dressed, but by far the greater majority are children of the very poorest class. Many come with bare heads, and not a few with bare feet. At half-past six the speaker for the evening gives out a hymn in which all join heartily. After a short prayer a passage of Scripture is read, and then the address is given which is generally listened to attentively; at times, however, we have to muster up all our patience and forbearance, and occasionally we are compelled to eject an unruly boy.

Now comes our prayer meeting, but before commencing the speaker has descended from the platform, and invites those who are desirous of giving their hearts to God to come to the front that they may be prayed with. The silence at this juncture contrasts remarkably with the noise which greeted us on our entrance. None of the children coming to the front, we sing

Time is earnest, passing by,  
Death is earnest, drawing nigh,  
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?  
Time and death appeal to thee.

A delightful solemnity is felt through the meeting, and we realize that God is present,

for when we come to that part of the hymn which reads

Christ is earnest, bids thee "come,"  
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum,

first one and then another comes forward until the forms around the platform are filled with little ones seeking Jesus.

While the service is going on we notice in one corner a group of lads evidently greatly interested at something, and on coming up to them we find that two or three of the boys are amusing the others with white mice and rats, of which they have their pockets filled. Whilst we are remonstrating with them a little girl pulls our coat, saying, "O do come and talk to this little boy and girl over here." We follow her to the other side of the hall, where we see a little boy and girl weeping bitterly. In answer to an enquiry put by us, the little girl said, "I know Jesus died for me, and I am trying to believe on him, but I don't feel as I would like to; I want to be as happy as these children here." We told her that that happiness could only be had by believing on Christ with her whole heart. She said "I've got two or three companions, and I'm very fond of them, but I'd give them up sir, I'd give up anything for Jesus." Then turning to her brother, she said, "Charlie, we must pray again to-night." She is now resting in the Saviour. She has found the happiness she so longed for.

Space will not admit of my referring to some dozen other similar cases which came under our notice this evening, but suffice it to say that the Lord is with us at our Children's Hall, and again I enreat the reader's prayers that through the blessing of Almighty God it may be made the birthplace of very many precious little souls. Many who flock to our meetings never before heard of a Saviour and of his wondrous love, and they listen with amazement and surprise when told for the first time that Jesus came and suffered death for them.

J. F. R.

### Our Friends in Heaven.

FANNY PRONG

was converted a little more than two years ago, in the East London theatre. Having pious parents, she had been accustomed to attend places of public worship all her life, but never saw her need of a change of heart, till the night of her conversion.

The preacher, Mr. Booth, took for his text that night, "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation," and earnestly urged the congregation to accept salvation there and then, lest they might never have another opportunity. Among the number who at the close complied with the exhortation, and sought and found the Saviour, was Fanny Prong; to use her own words, she that night passed from death unto life.

From that period, to the time of her death, she walked consistently; she was always rejoicing. She walked in the light, and her fellowship was with her Father and His Son

Jesus Christ. Having to work out, she was often late in coming to the meetings, but she was always there when she had opportunity. As her health failed, her father would sometimes remonstrate with her, telling her she would take cold, and she had better not go, but she said, I must go, father, I cannot stay away, and she did not, until her illness compelled her to do so. Neither was she idle, for if she was not bringing others to Jesus, she was ever trying to comfort and cheer those that were sad and cast down. She loved the means of grace, and was very strongly attached to those who were her spiritual guides. There was only one thing that troubled her, and that was an unconverted sister. She wept and prayed for her continually, often until she was in an agony, and we believe her prayers will yet be answered. She took up a tract district, and worked it with untiring zeal and love.

She was a strong, healthy-looking girl, but God, in his infinite mercy, permitted her to be severely afflicted; she suffered acutely for six weeks. An internal disease so thoroughly prostrated her in a few days, that she was not like the same girl. She was, however, sweetly happy. I saw her the first day she was in bed; her doctor had visited her, and thought it best for her to go into the hospital; she spoke to me about it, and said, "I would rather die at home," and then added, "I am very thankful that I have made my peace with God, for my pain of body is so great, that if I had had any anxiety on my mind, it would be very hard work indeed. She had no will of her own; it was sweetly lost in God's. A few days before she died, she sung:—

We'll stand the storm, it wont be long,  
We'll anchor bye and bye,  
In the haven of eternal love,  
With Jesus ever nigh.

It was her last song on earth, for the following day all power of speech was gone. The day before she died a friend said, "Fanny, you cannot speak, but if you are happy, if it is all right with your soul and God, just give us the token by raising your hand;" instantly her hand was raised as a token of victory. Her dear parents feel their loss, but they rejoice because they know it is her eternal gain. On one occasion some friend spoke to her of being deceived about the matter; she replied at once, "I know in whom I have believed." She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, April 24, aged 18 years.

A WANDERER RESTORED AND TAKEN HOME.

"OH that I had hearkened to Thy commandments, then had my peace flown as a river." Such was the exclamation of a poor dying woman who for forty years had wandered from God. When 21 she was converted, and for a time ran well, but she yielded to temptation and disobeyed a plain command, by uniting herself with one who, though moral and respectable, was unconverted; then her peace departed, and though still having a name to live, she became dead.

Six years ago she became intensely anxious to regain the peace she once possessed, and

after a long illness sought the counsel of her minister, telling him how miserable she felt, and how earnestly she desired to find her way back to God; but, as she had been a member of a church and once converted, he attributed her unhappiness to the state of her nerves and urged her joining the church. But, said she, though I did, I felt no better. I knew I was not right with God. At times the distress of her soul was so great that she could not rest, but would pace the room half the night.

Some two years ago she heard through her husband of the Christian Mission, and from what he told her (she was a great invalid herself) she thought its members would be the kind of people to help her. But it was not until she came apparently near to death that her husband yielded to her wishes and sought some of its members to visit her. Two sisters went.

They found her bordering on despair; she thought God had forsaken her, the enormity of her sin in departing from God, and living so long without Him seemed to overwhelm her, and raised, as she expressed it, an impassable barrier between herself and God. We sought, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to show that there was pardon even for her. We put before her the plain promises of God, and urged her by simple faith to appropriate them. She gave such a look of earnest entreaty as she said, "Don't deceive me, pray don't deceive me, tell me the truth, is there any hope for me?" "Ah," she added "once I took comfort from the promise, 'I know my sheep, and am known of mine, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand,' but I have gone away. God was faithful, but I chose my own way, and departed from Him. We did not leave until, after earnest pleading with God, she caught a glimmer of light beaming from the Cross of Calvary. The next day she was calmer, but still oppressed with doubts and fears. After spending some time on the willingness of God to receive her back, and give her pardon and peace, she took hold of our hand, as she said, "Oh, if the Lord had sent you before, I should have got peace six years ago; you make it all so plain. (Would to God, all who visit the dying carried the light of the Holy Spirit within them. She to whom this was addressed remembered painfully how often she had gone to the sick and dying, and, though a professing Christian, had no power to impart light to others; she had it not herself except in head knowledge; we must have the baptism of the Holy Ghost or our words carry no power with them.) Going again the same evening, we found her holding on, though with a trembling grasp. Before we left, she implored us to tell every one not to leave the concerns of their souls to a dying bed. Tell them not to put it off, and, oh, tell those who love Jesus, to obey his will in everything. Ah, she said another time, though I shall, I trust, reach heaven, because I believe Jesus saves and pardons all my sins, and my terrible unfaithfulness, yet I shall not have the glory I might have had. Oh if I had lived to God these past forty years, how



different I should be now." We continually sought to turn her eyes from self to Jesus. Many times we sang on our knees by her bedside

"The precious blood of Jesus,  
It washes white as snow."  
Lord I believe it,  
For thou hast washed me.

She never tired of it, and with intense earnestness, though panting for breath, would sing it with us, taking it all for herself.

One day we found her very happy, "I see now I have been looking at my sins and wanting feeling, (then turning to us with a bright smile) but I must look to Jesus, I do look, HE IS MY SAVIOUR, I KNOW HE LOVES ME, and when I get to heaven I will sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

We repeated at her request the beautiful hymn "My Jesus I love thee," and another similar one.

When reading the second verse,

"Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind  
And showed me the way of salvation to find.  
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,  
My Jesus was gracious, and bid me not fear,  
she stopped us and said that is just my experience. She was indeed sinking in gloomy despair, when we first saw her, but now, though at times doubting, the distressed look was gone, Jesus Himself having spoken peace to her soul.

And now on a beautiful Sabbath morning the two friends who first sought to sooth her troubled soul and heal her wounded spirit by bringing her to the great physician, stand by her in her struggle with the last enemy. She has not power to speak, except a word now and then, but the look of grateful love will never be forgotten; they whisper words of comfort, and assurance, and though the death-dew lies thick on her brow, her eye brightened when we breathed the name of Jesus; we prayed, and before we left, at her request, sung "Jesus, lover of my soul," and soon after we had gone her wearied sorrow-stricken spirit took its glad flight to the Saviour she had forsaken and slighted, but whose absence she mourned, and who in tender compassion received his repentant child, and then folding her in his loving arms, took her safe through the river into the haven of eternal rest. Her husband told us as the spirit took its flight she waved her hand. Was it not in token of victory, through the blood of the Lamb? Since the death of his wife her

husband has attended the services in the New Hall, and the other night gave up sin and took Jesus as his Saviour. Oh pray for him that he may be kept, and that the son for whom the poor mother so often pleaded may be brought in true sorrow of heart to the feet of Jesus.

JANE SHORT.

---\*---  
**Mrs. Booth's Farewell Services at Stoke Newington.**

Mrs. Booth concluded the series of services at this place on Sunday, 22nd ult. We had the privilege of being present and hearing the parting counsels which she addressed to those whom the Lord has given her in Stoke Newington, and who will, we trust, be her crown of rejoicing in that day when those who have gone forth weeping and bearing the precious seed shall come again bringing their sheaves with them. We think the wise, clear, and loving directions to these dear young converts will never be forgotten by them. Will the Lord's people pray that they may have grace to follow them, and that they may prove valiant soldiers of the Cross?

The hall in the evening was crowded, and the power of God graciously accompanied the Word. The pointed and solemn truths spoken by his dear servant were carried home to many hearts and consciences, and the deepest earnestness and solemnity pervaded the assembly. At the after meeting fourteen anxious inquirers came forward, the majority of them men. Two who had been backsliders many years yielded themselves to the Saviour from whom they had departed, and went away filled with peace in believing. Three young men offered themselves, body and soul, to the Lord as a living sacrifice, and rejoiced to have the assurance they were accepted, pardoned, and saved.

Great sorrow was expressed that these services had come to a close, and an earnest wish expressed by many that the work should be carried on, some offering to help with the needed funds for carrying on a mission there. A meeting was announced for the following Tuesday, when the unanimous feeling was for the continuation of the services, but at present the matter is not decided. Will the people of God pray that our dear friend and those connected with her may be guided aright in this matter, and that the Spirit of God may be poured upon this place?

Z.

THE READERS of our Magazine are earnestly requested to pray for the full restoration to health of our Editor. For near two months he has been laid aside by severe illness; but, notwithstanding, has kept struggling on with the work. At last, however, he has been induced, by the entreaties of his friends, to visit Malvern, for rest, change, and the benefit of the water treatment. Through mercy, a slight improvement has taken place; but will our friends pray that he may be fully restored and permitted soon to return to the glorious work of winning souls for the Saviour?

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

FROM APRIL 15TH, 1870, TO MAY 15TH, 1870.

GENERAL WORK.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Jameson ...	1 0 0	Miss Hamilton ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Baxter ...	1 0 0
Mr. Rintone ...	0 5 0	J. C. Bacon, Esq. ...	10 0 0	Mr. Jessop ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Fox ...	1 1 0	Mr. Newbold ...	2 2 0	James Gingell, Esq. ...	5 0 0
Mr. Alcock ...	1 1 0	Wm. Atkinson, Esq. ...	3 0 0	Mrs. Woodgate ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Capper ...	5 0 0	Chas. Griffiths, Esq. ...	2 2 0	Miss Peache ...	10 0 0
Mrs. Wright ...	0 10 0	Mr. Adley ...	0 1 0	John Getty, Esq. ...	5 0 0
J. A. B. ...	0 5 0	Miss Newland ...	0 10 0	John Moser, Esq. ...	10 10 0
Mrs. Prankney ...	1 0 0	Do. for Friend ...	0 10 0	Mr. I. Marsden ...	1 0 0
Miss Dewe ...	0 6 0	John Dugmore, Esq. ...	2 0 0	Friend ...	2 0 0
P. H. Gosse, Esq. ...	1 0 0	J. P. Cadby, Esq. ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Mountain ...	0 5 0
S. Evans, Esq. ...	5 0 0	Herbert Clarke, Esq. ...	2 2 0	Friend ...	0 5 0
J. H. Chance, Esq. ...	2 0 0	Mrs. Penny ...	0 10 0	Col. Field, C.B. ...	2 10 0
F. Braby, Esq. ...	2 0 0	Miss Norman ...	1 0 0	A Mite ...	0 1 0
H. Bedwell, Esq. ...	2 2 0	Mr. Morry ...	0 3 0	S. Bosanquet, Esq. ...	2 2 0
Miss Crapper ...	1 0 0	Mr. Graham ...	0 5 0	W. C. ...	0 3 4
Mrs. Wauchops ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Bradford ...	1 0 0	Jas. McLaren, Esq. ...	1 0 0
Do. for Friend ...	10 0 0	Mrs. Gibson ...	10 0 0	An Old Soldier ...	0 5 0
Wm. Ball, Esq. ...	0 10 0	Miss Feltham ...	5 0 0	Chs. Bazett, Esq. ...	2 0 0
Friend ...	0 10 0	R. May, Esq. ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Webster ...	0 10 0
Mr. Sprunt, for Gaff. ...	0 2 6	Wm. Morris, Esq. ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Sladen ...	1 0 0
R. S. Lauder, Esq. ...	2 2 0	Mrs. S. Chivers ...	0 5 0		
Mrs. Giles ...	0 10 0	John Bird, Esq. ...	0 10 0		

New Hall.

S. J. Sheppard ...	10 0 0	Mr. Gosling ...	1 0 0	The Misses Charrington ...	5 0 0
Mr. Babbs ...	0 10 0	Friend ...	100 0 0	Mr. Lambert ...	0 11 0

Destitute Saints.

Mrs. Jameson ...	1 6 0	Thos. Ashby, Esq. ...	5 5 0	Col. Field, C.B. ...	2 10 0
Mrs. E. P. ...	1 0 0				

JUST OPENED!  
THE CHRISTIAN MISSION BOOK & TRACT DEPOT.

Adjoining the People's Hall, 272, Whitechapel Road, London, E.

For the Sale of Bibles, Testaments, the Mission Publications, and other Gospel, Temperance, and Educational Literature; Scripture Pictures, Illuminated Texts, Tracts &c., &c. Any of the Mission Publications to the amount of Fourpence and upwards sent to any part of the Kingdom post free, on receipt of price in P.O.O. Orders less than Fourpence must be accompanied with an extra Stamp. Small sums may be sent in Stamps. Orders should be addressed to Mr. BEABLE, Christian Mission Book and Tract Depot, 272, Whitechapel Road, E.

The Christian Mission Magazine

Is published monthly, price 1d., or, by post for one year, 2s.  
Will our friends interest themselves in its circulation.

Just Published,

Hymns for Special Services.

SELECTED BY MRS. BOOTH.

Price 1d.

FOR SALE,

An OIL PAINTING by CARMICHAL, in aid of the New Mission Hall. It is a Coast View, and valued at £35.



## The Christian Hymn Book.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

Containing 531 Hymns adapted for *Revival and Congregational Services*.

This selection has been made with great care from the principal collections published in this country and America, and contains an ample variety of Hymns for all ordinary or special services: forming the largest collection of Revival Hymns published.

Price, Royal 32mo, good clear type, cloth boards, 8d.; gilt edges, bevelled boards, 1s.; Roan, gilt edges, 1s. 4d.

Also an edition in large type, Imperial 32mo, cloth boards, 1s. 3d.; gilt edges, bevelled boards, 1s. 9d.; Roan, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

A Large Reduction on quantities direct from Mr. Booth.

**THE PENNY REVIVAL HYMN BOOK.** Sixty-four pages, containing 118 soul-stirring Revival Hymns. Considerable allowance made when purchased in any quantity.

Just published,

## The Children's Mission Hymn Book.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

Price—Stiff Paper Covers, 1d.; Cloth plain, 2d.; Cloth gilt, 4d.

Just published a new series of Tracts entitled

### CHRISTIAN MISSION TRACTS.

Printed on TINTED PAPER, of an interesting and awakening character, adapted to give away at the close of open-air meetings, in railway carriages, and by the way-side generally.

- |                                 |                                    |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. "I'M NOT READY."             | 10. "ALL HANDS LOST."              |
| 2. "O HIDE ME."                 | 11. THE DYING HEIRESS.             |
| 3. "WELL, I'LL THINK ABOUT IT." | 12. "MY BIRTHDAY."                 |
| 4. THE MAN-MADE CHRISTIAN.      | 13. "I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH IT." |
| 5. "NOT LOST FOR EVER."         | 14. THE CRY OF DESPAIR.            |
| 6. "I AM DYING."                | 15. THE MARRIAGE DAY.              |
| 7. WE DIE ONLY ONCE.            | 16. I HAD A PRAYING MOTHER."       |
| 8. "I AM DOING THE BEST I CAN." |                                    |
| 9. "WHAT MADNESS."              |                                    |

*Large quantities at considerable reduction.*

SAMPLE COPIES WILL BE SENT FOR TWO POSTAGE STAMPS.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

### HEART BACKSLIDING.

A Sermon on Revelation ii, 1—7. By Mrs. BOOTH. Price One Penny, or 6s. 6d. per hundred.

### COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

By Mrs. BOOTH. Neatly printed on tinted paper, suitable for distribution among Christians. Price One Halfpenny, or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

### FEMALE MINISTRY; or, Woman's Right to Preach the Gospel.

A new and thoroughly revised edition of the pamphlet "FEMALE TEACHING," from which the controversial matter which first led to its publication has been expunged. The pamphlet has been prepared in a cheap form with a view to general circulation. Price One Penny, or 6d. 6d. per hundred.

Any of the above, in large or small quantities, may be had direct from MR. BOOTH, 3, GORE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK ROAD, N.E., by forwarding the amount in stamps; at the Christian Book Depôt, 272, Whitechapel Road; at all the stations of the Christian Mission; MORGAN AND CHASE, 38, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; G. J. STEVENSON, 54, Paternoster Row; and by order of any bookseller.